SOME NEW BOOKS

Bean Buckland

A book of uncommon interest to those who deelre to follow the history and development of science in England during the present century In The Life and Correspondence of William Buck land, D. D., F. R. S., by his daughter, Mrs. Gonnos (Appletons). It is well known that Dr. Buckland, besides being Dean of Westminster, was twice President of the Geological Society, and the first President of the British Associa tion. He ranks with Murchison, Phillips, Lyell, Sedgwick, and William Smith among the founders of geology, and he began his work earlier

than any of them, except the last named, Buckland graduated with distinction at Cor pus Christi College, Oxford, in 1804, and five years later was ordained a priest and elected a fellow. * * * As a boy he had taken a keen interest in the rocks and fossils of his Devon shire home, and at Winchester, where he wa at school, and early on his arrival at Oxford had fallen under the infinence of William Smith, the father of English geology. There was in those days nothing of the nature of s museum in Oxford excepting the miscellaneous collection of curiosities and an-tiquities founded by Elias Ashmole. In 1813 Buckland was appointed reader in mineralogy, and his influence as a lecturer was so strongly felt that, five years later, the readership of geology was created for him in He may be said to have been the founder of the so-called new learning in Oxford, and he started the movement which has resulted in giving the natural sciences their present place in the academical curriculum So strong, nevertheless, was the feeling of antagonism aroused by the attempt to introduce the study of science at Oxford that, as lately as 1852, Dean Gaisford could ejaculate, "Buckland has gone to Italy, and we shall hear no more, thank God, of this geology. They were destined, however, to hear more of is, and of other sciences as well, until the spirit of intolerance received a crushing defeat in the memorable Darwinian controversy in 1860. In the widening of thought, and in sweeping away the old worn-out ideas of nature, Buckland rendered most important services to his unversity. Single-handed he brought about a revival in the direction of natural science analogous in importance to the movement in religious thought started by Newman and the Oriel school.

The influence, moreover, of Buckland as a teacher and master was felt far beyond Oxford. To him Murchison owed his first lesson in the field and his first launch into the line of work in which he was afterward to prove so efficient. To Buckland in 1831 Murchison turned for advice-and assistance when he had decided to attack the difficult problem of Welsh geology, and front him he obtained the clue to the true sequence of the rocks below the old red sandstone on the banks of the Wye that led ultimately to the Silurian system. To him, too, is due the discovery of the value of the phosphates in the coprolite beds that lass contributed so much to the development of modern agriculture. How much Lord Playfair owed to Buckland's friendship and guidance he hastrecorded in his Life. When the Geological Society was formally incorporated by charter in 1824 Buckland became President, and eight years later he was made the first President of the British Association, after its definite organization at Oxford. He was, in a word, the most considenous figure of a period when natural science was young, and whatever estimate may now be formed of his discoveries and theories, the fact remains unde niable that he was one of, the founders of the science of geology.

A Veteran Journalist's Recollections.

It is a singularly interesting autobiography which the Mesers. Scribner have published under the title of The Life and Adventures of George Au quetus Salo. The author's reminiscences begin carly, for he professes to recall an incident that occurred when he was only two years old, and they are brought down to 1894, when his age was sixty-five. In the course of an exceptionally varied and eventful life, he has witnessed an amazing number of strange scenes and has met an extraordinary number of noteworthy perons. Among the innumerable notabilities however, about whom the author has something to tell us at first hand, there are some unexpected omissions. He does not appear to have known Tennyson, or Swinburge, or Morris, or Carlyle, or Ruskin, or John Stuart Mill, or Darwin, or Huxley, or Owen, or Froude or Freeman, or Goldwin Smith, or Matthew Arold, or George Eliot, or, with a very few-exceptions, any of the most distinguished men of letters and men of science of the Victorian age. The truth is, as he himself perceives, that he made a serious mistake from more than one point of view when he failed to obtain what is known as a liberal education. No one knows han he that it makes a dif London, whatever may be said of Paris or New York, whether you enter the field of journalism from the table land of the universities, or reach

It through the devious bypaths of Bohemia. We have said that one will search these voltimes in vain for indications of acquaintance with most of the Englishmen who have cast especial lustre on the literature and science of the author's day. We do find, however, a little about Thackeray, and some rather more extended ref. erences to Dickens. Let us glance at these before looking at what constitutes the truly attractive core of the book, the account of Mr Sala's personal experiences and professional career. It seems that the first time the author over saw Thackeray he was acting as bookkeeper for a tailor named Crellin. He relates tha once, "ascending the stairs of my bookkeeping man in a cloak. Cloaks, I have already said. were generally worn by gentlemen in the for ties. After the gentleman had left, Crellin told me that he was a very clever man, omewhat impecualous: but he was on the staff of Punch, and he wrote tales sketches in the magazines under the pseudonyme of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. A year or two afterward I was presented to him by my brother at a little convivial club in Dean street, Scho, known as the 'Deanery.' The name of the tall gentleman was William Makepeace Thackeray. It was my fortune to know him long and intimately, and he was wont to laugh very heartily when I reminded him of the clock he had once worn, and of my view of the back of that cloak when he had called at 4 St. James' street." The render of this passage naturally expects to hear a good deal more about Thackeray but, as a matter of fact, there is nothing worth quoting, except, perhaps, one paragraph on page 85, and the statement on page 358 of the first volume, that when Sals left the Cornhill to edit Temple Bar Thackeray parted with him on the best of terms, and even said some friendly words about the rival magazine in one of The earlier parahis Roundabout Papers. graph referred to recalls the fact that is "Pendennis" Thackeray innocently but unfortunately alluded to "Catherine Hayes, the murderess," about whom he had once written a story intended for a satire on Bulwer's Newgate novels. It happened that, at the very when "Pendenuis" appeared, an Irish cantatrice, Miss Catherine Hayes, was enjoying widespread popularity, and the Irish people were naturally proud of their young country voman, who, besides being an accomplished singer, was a lady of blameless character. A owl of indignation arose from the entire Hibernian press, which, according to Sala, had Thackeray's "Irish Sketch-Hook," and the scathing satire, "The Battle of Limerick." They ignored the existence of Calherino Hayes, the murderess, in the reign of Goorge L. and charged the Big Blubber Man. as they called Thackeray, with maliciously libelling the fair fame of the vocalist.

The author's first sight of Dickens dates back it seems, from the time when the "Pickwick Papers" were coming out in numbers. It was at the St. James's Theatre that he first met the "then a very young and eminently handsome man. The present generation, should say, can scarcely form an idea of the absolute furors of excitoment which reigned in reading England during the time that the monthimparis of the novels in the green covers | of his credit at Mme. Gregoire's cabaret; of his were in progress of publication. We have all | pawning his watch to defray the cost of a stated to so more to a see on the state of a fine distributed

heard the story of the invalid when Dr. Gravely told him that he feared that he, the sick man, could not possibly survive for another month, out who, as the physician was leaving the room, was heard to mutter to himself, 'Well, at all events, the next number of Pickwick will be out in a fortnight."

It was late in 1851 that Sala wrote his first

article in Household Words, the weekly journal conducted by Charles Dickens, and he tells us that, for the next six years, scarcely a week passed without his contributing a paper, long o short sometimes a story, sometimes a social essay, and sometimes a notice of a book to the olumns of the periodical in question, "There vas the five-guinea fee for every article I wrote; often got through two in the course of one week, and if, as it more than once happened, I overdrew my account -I did so on one occasion to the extent of twenty pounds sterling, and, on another, of seventy pounds sterling Dickens would, after a while, laughingly suggest that the sponge should be passed over the slate and we should begin again." In 1857 there was a quarrel between Dickens and Sals, in which the latter now maintains that the one was as much in the wrong as the other. As the story is related in these volumes, we are inclined to think that Sala was decidedly to blame, and that he would have done better to admit it now as he did in a pamphlet published shortly after Dickens's death. The only other reference to Dickens which seems worth reproducting secure on page 317 of the first volume: "It was in 1858 that Charles Dickens had some matrimo niai troubles; and, out of these troubles arose his quarrel with Bradbury & Evans, his pub lishers. I did not know, at the time, anything of the rights and the wrongs of the matter. was told all about it not long afterward; and say now, as I said after Dickens's death, the secret was no affair of mine, and that, so long as I lived, it would never be revealed by me. should say that, beyond the members of Dickens's own family, there are, now that Wilkie Collins and Edmund Yates are gone, scarcely any custodians of the secret besides myself."

A charming characteristic of this book is the erfect candor with which the author describes his early struggles for a livelihood. He is absolutely davoid of snobbishness. This is manifest at the outset in the account of his parentage and lescent, for he has nothing in common with the average man who, as we are reminded, is never tired of telling us that his uncle was cousin german to a baroness, whereas he quite forgets to tell you that his grandmother was a cook. Even thus was it noted in the fable that the mule will dwell with unction on his mamms, the mare, while remaining singularly reticent concerning his papa, the jackness. Our author, or the other hand, after noting that his grandfather, Claudio Sebastiano Sala, was a Ro man citizen, who came to England about the year 1776, and was concerned in the management of the theatre that afterward became Her Majesty's, mentions that his grandfather's

brother was domestic prelate to Pope Plus VI. and was subsequently created a Cardinal, but hastens to add that his grandmother's sister danced on the tight rope at the Carnival of Venice in 1780. Subsequently he tells us that in Milan, in 1866, he found no less than three Salas, none of whom were members of the patrician class. "There was a Sala who was a beggar, while another followed the useful, plebeian, calling of a tinsmith; the third, I think, was a carriage builder, and was rich, which slightly increased my respect for him, and I should have liked to claim him as a kinsman." The author's mother, who was the daughter of a Demerara planter, was left in 1828, the year in which he was born, a wiffow with no money to speak of and with five children to support. She tried by turns singing on the stage, acting, and music teaching, and used to supplement her earnings from these sources by annual concerts in London and Brighton, at which the great artists whom she engaged would often give their services gratuitously. Touching one of these concerts, which took place in 1835, the author relates a pathetic and interesting anecdote. On this occasion Mrs. Sala had ventured to engage the greatest diva of the day, if not of the century, Malibran, whose fee was to be thirty guineas, while Paganini, themnnouncement of whose name had sold half the tickets, had consented to play a solo for fifty guineas. After the concert came the ordeni of settling with the artists. Many of them, as was their wont, laughingly refused to take a shil-

ling, but there remained the formidable ques-tion of the claims of Malibran and Paganini. It occurred to Mrs. Sala that she might exercise a lenitive influence upon their minds if she took with her her little boy George when she called to pay her dues. So George "was duly washed and waxed and polished up. I believe even that my hair was curled, and in a new 'skeleton' suit and a very large white cambric collar and a | treatment and put under the homeopathic die- | win ve.y large sums. He fully explained his frill around it. I was taken first to the hotel where Malibran was staying. The renowned singer smiled, patted me on the head, chucked me under the chin, told me to be a good boy, and then she very calmly took the thirty-one pounds ten shillings which, with trembling hands, my mother placed on the table." The author of this book goes on to tell us that "she had a good cry, poor woman, in the fly which conveyed us to the Old Ship where Paganini was stopping. I can see him now, a lean, wan, gaunt man in black, with bushy nair, something like Henri Rochefort, and a great deal mor like Henry Irving. He looked at me long and earnestly; and somehow, aithough he was about as weird a looking creature as could well be imagined, I did not feel afraid of him. In a few broken words my mother explained her mission. and put down the fifty guineas on the table When I say that he washed his hands in the gold, that he scrabbled at it, as David of old did

at the gate, and grasped it, and built it up into little heaps, panting the while, I am not in any way exaggerating. He bundled it up, at last, it a blue cotton pocket handkerchief with white spots, and darted from the room. And we-my poor mother convulsively clasping my hand, went out on the landing, and were about descending the stairs, when the mighty violinist boited again from his bedroom door. 'Take that, little boy.' he said; 'take that,' and he thrust a piece of paper rolled up almost into a ball into my hands. It was a bank note for fifty pounds." Paganini's washing his hands in gold suggests two other incidents mentioned in this volume. The author recalls the story that when Frederic Soulie, the French novelist, received from his publisher 10,000 france in louis d'or for the first volume of the "Mysteres du Diable" he poured the glittering treasure into a footbath, and enjoyed that exceptional bain de pieds for at least half an hour,

smoking meanwhile the biggest of Havanas, The author can youch for gold coins having had a similar intoxicating effect on a Bohemian named Holt, who, for advertisements in a financial newspaper, received some railway shares which he sold for £1,000. He took care to draw the sum in gold, and, repairing to a hotel at the West End, emptied the bags of sovereigns into the bed and went to sleep upon the coins.

To us the most striking chapter in these volumes is that in which the author, with the utmost simplicity and frankness, as if he were doing the most natural thing in the world, narrates the hardships through which he passed between his earliest literary ventures and his we read on page 204, "perhaps almost unnecessary to state that, in these, the days my earliest editorship, when I was no out may small journalistic income eking out may small by odd guineas and half guineas, yea, and sometimes the humble but welcome five shillings, by making drawings in wood or water colors, I was very, very poor. Was it miserable poverty? Well, it was poverty; and the vast majority of people hold that poverty and misery are the same thing," Again, on page 207. we read, "Yes, poverty was anguish, and of the bitterest. It was vastly fine for Beranger to sing, 'Dans un grenier qu'on est bien d'vingt one.' But how is it when at twenty years ever the garret is not attainable; or, having one, you are locked out by the landlady for not paying the rent? Beranger talks of his Lisette:

carouse. How is it when you have no Lisette, no wineshop keeper to trust you, no watch to pawn? Béranger had a trade, he was a compositor; and an industrious workingman need never starve. In the days of which I speak I could do nothing which could secure me a regular livelibood. I could not draw, nor engrave, nor paint, nor write well enough, although I dabbled in all those crafts, to be received as a skilful journeyman in any workshop. It was not until I was 23 that I scraped together enough money to deliberately apprentice myself to an engraver on steel and copper, in order that if the worst came to the worst I might be able to earn forty or fifty

shillings a week by engraving visiting cards or billheads for tradesmen." It is undoubtedly the ineffaceable memory of his own experience which has given Sala's writings their sympathetic qualities. He says truly that it was the remembrance of the time when he had lived among the beggars in Axe lane that opened the hand of Oliver Goldsmith when he came to wear silk stockings and a coat of Tyrian blue, and it was the mindfulness of hunger and nakedness and cold, of nights passed in wandering up and down the cruel streets that stirred the heart of Dr. Johnson to an almost infinite tenderness and compassion 'I know," says Sala, "that I have often turned heartsick when I went into a tavern for half a pint of porter, to see a swaggering customer throw down a sovereign and rattle in his hands the shining change which the maid handed him. I had early fallen a slave to tobacco, the great consoler, the merciless usurer, and I know that when I have not had the means of purchasing a solitary screw' of 'bird's eye,' and have probed all my short pipes in the fruitless hope of finding in some forgotten bowl a remant of 'mundungus, I have taken a wretched pleasure in walking in the street behind some gentleman who was smok ing a good cigar; and the aroma of his Havana wafted me into a kind of sensuous ecstasy which was half gratification and half despair." the whole, the author's conclusion is that, "Although I have known a good many extremely poor men and women who were not only re signed, but cheerful when the icy hand of poverty was pressing most piteously upon them. am inclined to think that, in the main, indigence and misery are convertible terms."

What makes one read the account of Sala's early struggles with peculiarly fervent sympathy, is the fact that he labored under a cruel physical disability which might well have driven the victim to despair. He was and is partially blind. It appears that in his infancy he was sent into the country to a nurse. When he was about six the nurse was informed that he was to be removed from her custody. She evinced her displeasure at losing a profitable bantling in an atrocious manner. The child had an attack of the measies, and, as he was recovering, this woman - it was in the month of March-opened every door and window in her cottage, and left them open for a considerable time. The result was a horrible attack of inflammation. The child turned purple, lost his hearing, and, some time afterward, lost his sight. There was period of duskinesss and dimness and twilight before the actual night came. During this period young Sala was taken to almost every eminent oculist in London and to many physicians and surgeons besides, who included in their practice the treatment of dis-"I shudder now," he writes when I think of the tortures that I underwent through the kind endeavors of those who loved me to make me sec. I will not positively say that my eyes were ever taken out and scraped and then put back again, but my medical advisers seemed to contemplate that operation, and it seemed to me that surgical science almost exhausted herself in endeavors to lighten my imminent darkness. How many times have been cupped, how many dozens of leeches have been applied to my temples! Then the quacks had a turn. My eyes were rubbed with 'golden ointment,' and I was made to take some nos trum, called, I think, 'Grimstone's eye snuff.' Subsequently the strange device was tried of piercing the ear. After that they shaved the child's head. It was under these circumstances. the author says, that "I once heard my mother's maid speak of me to my nurs as 'that miserable little object.' I have not the slightest doubt that I was an object; and I am sure that what with the doctors and the leeches and the cupping I was intensely miserable; but the contumelious expression of the lady's maid cut into my heart as though with a sharp knife. It was almost a re lief when the twilight deepened into night and I was totally blind."

Strange to say, young Sala owed the partial physician, one Dr. Curée, a pupil of the famous Hahnemann. He was subjected to homosopathic tary, Dr. Curée maintaining that the blindness was only an acute form of inflammation of the mucous membrane of the eye. It is certain that, under this treatment, the child recovered the sight of one eye so perfectly that he was able for some years to follow the craft of an engraver on metal and stone; and so completely that he acquired a minute handwriting, in which he has indited thousands of leaders and paragraphs and forty books of fiction and travels and adventures. It seems, however, that "the other eye the right one, has never been good for much, Closing the left eye, I can see with the 'duffer' a bright light or a face, or the page of a newspaper held close to me, and nothing else." In connection with this topic, Sala recalls a remark made by Edward Lawson, editor and chief proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, to his wife, who, conversing with him on some business subjects, incidentally remarked that "George had only one eye." "Yes," replied Lawson, "but that is a rummy one."

V. The misunderstanding between Dickens and Sala turned out to be a blessing in disguise for the latter, because it broke up his lotus-eating existence, and forced him to seek for work. found it on the Daily Telegraph, which had lately fallen into the hands of the Levys, who subse quently adopted the name of Lawson. The author notes that Sir Edward Lawson gave him the other day a humorous description of his personal appearance on the occasion of his first visit to the offices of the Daily Telegraph: "He said that I had got myself up for the interview. and that I was attired in a chocolate-colored frock coat, a double-breasted plaid velvet waistcoat, trousers of uncertain hue, and much too short for me, and Bitcher boots." Sala pleads guilty to the chocolate frock coat and the too brief trousers; he acknowledges also the Biftcher boots: but he joins issue with his friend on the subject of the waistcoat. It was not, he contends, of plaid or of velvet nor was it double-breasted. It was a black camlet vest, profusely embroislered with beads and bugies of jet. He explains briefly how he came to wear in the daytime such an extraordinary article of attire: "I had two allies of the Hebrew persuasion who were in the reach-me down' or second-hand clothes line of business, and whose shop was in the Strand, nearly oppo site the Somerset House. They were very worthy obliging, warm-hearted people, and over an over again had they 'rigged me out' when I wanted to go to the opera or to a masquerade o when I was asked out to dinner in polite society, When I called at the Daily Telegraph office I was badly off for waistcoats. I wanted an exceptionally smart one, and my Semitic friends i the Strand ient me this particular garment with passementerie of jet."

At first it was only occasionally that Sala wrote for the Telegraph, but, by the latter part of 1858, he got seriously to work upon this newspaper, with which he has been ever since onnected. Already the paper was making its The idea of the proprietors was, it seems, that it should be not only a thoroughly compre-hensive newspaper, but also a miscellary of humorous and descriptive social essays, and, in those respects, a kind of duly Household Words, The author modestly observes that "there were plenty of espable journalists about town in those days much litter than I was to undertake ordinary newspaper work, but the social leader writer with strong Liberal tendencies was rare. There was no lack of lettered university men,

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may call the heavy political and economic leading articles. As a rule, the political ones were slavishly founded on the antithetical style of the Letters of Junius, varied occasionally by imitations of Gibbon, Hume, and of Mackintosh; while the economic essays were dreary rechauffes of Adam Smith and McCul-What the Messrs, Levy yearned for was a staff of writers who possessed, first of all, a lively style, and who next had seen something of the world both in London and Paris, and who, finally, could turn out plenty of cony." Sala thinks, and we agree with him, that from these points of view he was precisely the kind of young man for them. He gives his reasons: "I did not go into society, but I knew all about it. With low life I was perhaps more conversant than I should have been; in fact, as I have elsewhere hinted, it would have been difficult to find in London town a more outrageous young Mohawk than I had been for the last five or six years; but, seeing that I am about to celebrate my sixty-fifth birthday, that my hair is unblanched, that I have a good appetite, that I am only partially deaf and but partially blind, and that I can work eight hours a day without turning a hair, I am entitled to hint that there is no use in moaning and groaning over the old days of Tomand-Jerryism." Apropos of his youthful derelictions, the author recalls that once, "at a dinner at poor Edmund Yates's, his wife propounded to three of her male guests, her husband, Dion Boucleault, and myself, the grave question, whether we were sorry;' you know what mean, sorry in the all-round sense, unreservedly penitent, as Catholics must declare themselves to be in a confession générale. Boucicault was the first called upon to speak. The brightwitted dramatist, who, as all his friends are aware, was the very model of sincerity and veracity, replied, with truth beaming from his expressive countenance, that he was deeply, unfeignedly sorry for all his sins. Then came my turn. I replied diplomatically that I was going to be sorry. Mieux tard que jamais. Then the drend query, remember it was many years ago, was put to Edmund. He looked at us; he looked at the ladies; he looked at his plate, and then, bringing his closed hand down on the tablecloth, he said sternly and decisively, 'No." Let his earlier life have been what it may, it

is certain that Sala's epoch of idleness, or comparative idleness, had come to a close. There now came over him a flerce hunger for literary labor and for study, which he assures us is still insatiable. In the early Telegraph period he used to write two leaders of 1,500 words every week day, save Saturday. It appears, how ever, that, although he had been trained for six years by Dickens in strongly radical principles, or, at least, in principles which were then thought to be strongly radical, he wrote very rarely on politics; he tells us, in fact, that the political essays which he has composed during a journalistic career of more than forty years rould not fill an octave volume of a hundred pages. The subjects which Sala wrote upon in the leading columns of the Telegraph were, comparatively speaking, innumerable, but they were nearly all either literary, artistic, social or biographical. Another reminiscence of the author's early days on this newspaper is worth noting. There existed, it seems, not only among the Conservatives, who thought that the cheap daily press could only be the prelude of sedition and revolution, but also among Liberal journal ists of high standing, the most violent prejudice against the new order of journals, which were contemptuously called the "penny papers." The members of the staffs of such expensive papers as the Times, the Morning Chronicle, the Morning Post, the Morning Herald, and the Morning Advertises looked down with aversion and disdain on the contributors to the "penny press." There was, the author remembers, in those days "a kind of informal conacle or club of newspaper men held every night in an upper room of a tavern called The Red Lion in the Strand. I have seen William Howard Russell there. I was first taken to this select gathering by H. R. Foster of the Morning Post; but the veteran journal ists, especially those connected with the Herald and the Post, vehemently protested against young man known to be connected with penny paper being allowed to join them."

At divers times in his diversified career the author of these volumes has had some amusing gambling experiences. The first which he recounts took place toward the end of 1850, when having spent the greater part of a legacy that had fallen to him, he found that he had just £200 left. Among his acquaintances was a person of most gentlemanly manners, whom he prefers to designate as Mr. Hopeful. Mr. Hopeful was a man with a system; that is to say be recovery of his sight to a French homosopathic | was firmly persuaded that, by persistently and conscientiously playing according to certain rules at the game called rouge et noir, he could plan to young Sala, who regarded it as plausible and feasible. Hopeful could manage, he said, to raise £50 capital, Sala was to furnish £100 and have two-thirds of the profits. while a common acquaintance, one Dr. Strauss was to accompany them as a disinterested frien of both parties and "see fair." The partners in this business venture hied them to Aix-la-Chapelle, where, without wasting any time at the botel, they betook themselves to the Kursaal or public gaming saloon. Neither young Sala nor the Doctor played so much as a thaler, but stood and watched the experienced Mr. Hopeful operating at trente et quarante. From time to time he would hand to his partner his winnings reserving only a sufficient sum for working capit tal. The rooms closed at 12, and when the thre sat down to supper young Sala made his pockets disgorge their booty, and found that the net profits that night had amounted to 150 pounds in English money. "It was," he continues, "the old story; so old, indeed, as to be scarcely worth re-When we had won fully £800 Mr. Hopeful suddenly changed his tactics and played another infallible system, by which he very soon contrived to lose very heavily. Then he went back to his old system, and lost at that. Then I thought I would try my luck at the roulette table. In the course of two hours I won £50, and in the course of two minutes I lost it. The result, after a week's operations, was total collapse. I had a handsome gold watch, a scarf pin, and a couple of rings, and, the discreet as sistance of Reer Israel Hirsh or Herr Solom Fuchs having been called in and my personal valuables realized, I managed, with the further aid of a Bank of England note for £10, which I had secreted in my writing desk, to discharge the hotel bill and pay the fare of Dr. Strauss and myself to Paris. The behavior of Mr. Hopeful under these somewhat trying circumstances was calm and dignified, and, I may almost say, heroic, He acknowledged that his having imprudently changed his system had been the primary cause of all our disasters; but, aithough he allowed me to defray his share of the hotel bill, he resolutely refused his consent to my proposal that I a couple of logis. He had got still another infullible system, by means or which a large for tune was to be made, but it might, he thought, take a whole month to acquire the wealth he was certain was in his grasp, and which he gen crously promised to share with me. And so I handed him the two louis, and bade him a cor-

> dial farewell." The author never saw Mr. Hopeful again. Eight years later Sala obtained £100 for a book called "A Journey Due North," made up of papers which had appeared in Household Words. Armed with this capital, he decided to take a brief holiday trip in the company of Henry Vizetelly and Augustus Mayhew. Their bourne was Hamburg, and their purpose, naturally, was to break the bank, to carry out which ambitious scheme they each "planked down" the sum of 250. Vize telly had an infallible system, and the three bound themselves by a solemn league and covenant not to play any other. Looking back upon those days, the author now pronounces that system the most idiotic ever evolved from distempered brain. It had nothing to do with the numbers on the roulette table. The bank was to be broken by the following delightfully simple means: If a color twice, the punters were to against it, doubling their stakes if they lost, and continuing to double the stakes till they won. It needs scarcely be said that the ex-

view. "We did not," writes Sala, "break the bank at Hamburg, but the bank broke us, not swiftly, but with playful procrastination, such as is used by the cat when she plays with the mouse before devouring it. For a week we ailhered inflexibly to our infallible system, and won about £700. Then luck turned against us; we were unable to continue the reduplication of our stakes, and, in the course of one unhappy evening, we lost £500. Then, by mutual consent, we let the infailible system go hang, and each of us played according to his fancy. Gus Mayhew devoted himself to the cultivation of the black color and the douzes derniers; Vizetelly, with a cautious head, worked, yea, literally toiled, from 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. every day at the trente et quarante table, and I adhered to roulette. backing the numbers 35, 36, and 0. We had varied fortunes; on some nights we dreamt of thousands of sovereigns piled up in silken bags, of diamond bracelets, horses, dogs, and grounds, and alternate shower baths of Heldsteck's Dry Monopole and Farina's Eau de Cologne. other days we borrowed gold friedrichs from one another, and ultimately thalers. In eleven days we were all stone broke. From our first arrival we had adopted the almost incredibly prudent system of paying our hotel bill every morning, so that all we had to do when our incolvency became complete and hopeless was for Vizetelly to get a check for £25 cashed to pay our

travelling expenses home." In later years, our author paid occasional visits o Monte Carlo, with the usual result. He seems to have been, however, more than usually unlucky in the spring of 1877. His experience at that time is compressed in a few sentences: "The idiotic idea occurred to me of purchasing a miniature roulette wheel with a cover to it, and carefully noting down the results of each spin, comprising the number, the color, the pair and impair, the passe, or the manque. Then I went to Monte Carlo and played precisely the cor trary game at roulette to that which I had played at home with my private wheel. provoking result was that the private little game almost exactly repeated itself in the gilded saloons of 'Monty' and I was nowhere. At home I only staked my haricot beans; at 'Monty,' I played louis." Is gambling an incurable vice? The author of this book does not believe anything of the kind. He assures us that "the little game of haricot versus louis practically cured me of the passion for playing. I have been to Monte Carlo a dozen times during the last fifteen years, and although I have won or lost a few pieces at trente et quarante or at roulette. I have never experienced the slightest yearning to play high.

This book is stuffed as full of anecdotes as a Christmas pudding is of plums. Some, it is true are of venerable age, but all are at least well selected. Here are two so exceptionally ancient that they are as good as new. It seems that the author, when in Athens, had a well-informed and imaginative guide. Among the morsels of Greek folklore with which the latter entertained his employer, he recounted that when the Elgin marbles were removed from Athens to be shipped for England, the removal, in order to avoid the popular commotion which was expected, took place at night; but that, as the laboring wains were rumbling through the street on their way to the Pirmus, the statues which Phidias had graven were heard to moan and shrick for grief at their expatriation. Sala tells us that this remarkable guide also related as a modern Greek Joe Millerism the story of a lawsuit in which a deaf plaintiff sued a deafer defendant before the deafest Judge in all Hellas, "The plaintiff claimed so many hundred drachmas for rent that was due him. The defendant pleaded that he never ground his corn at night; whereupon the Judge, in giving judgment, observed, 'Well, she's your mother, after all; you must keep her between you.' When I got home I found this apparently up-to-date triad of ludicrous non sequiture in a collection of ancient Greek epigrams. Is there any new joke under the sun? I doubt there being one very gravely. There used to be told a story of Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, who was a first-rate hand at Irish bulls, meeting one of twin brothers and asking him, 'Which of ye is the other? Compare the story of that very ancient jester, Hierocles; 'Of twins, one died; Skolastikos, meeting the survivor, asked him, "Was it you

who died, or your brother?"" Innumerable are the men more or less known fame whom the author of these volumes has encountered. He has met them in every station. not excepting the very highest. He does not profess, indeed, to have been on terms of familiarity with royalty; yet it has so chanced that he has been acquainted with three Kings of Spain, one of them being, however, a merely titular one. Of the latter the author speaks first in a chapter that might have been entitled "Kings I Have Hobnobbed With." We read that "While I was living in Guildford street. Russell square, there came to me one forenoon a foreign gentleman of slight stature and dark complexion, who brought with him a letter of introduction. The visitor handed me his card. and I asked him to take a chair; I may add that the interview took place in my study, that I was clad in a very ragged silk dressing jacket, and was smoking a short pipe. I looked at the card, and found that it bore the name of some Spanish grandee-Conde of something or other. Would I look, asked the foreign gentleman, at the other side of the card? I turned over the pasteboard and read, 'Don Juan de Bourbon.' Of course, I stood up and made the gravest of reverences. My interlocutor was the son of Don Carlos and grand son of Ferdinand VII., consequently the legitimate King of Spain. The heir to a phantom crown only smiled, and, saying 'It is such a very little matter,' made me resume my seat. He wanted me to render him some newspaper service, and I was, fortunately, able to meet his wishes. After that he used to call on me three or four times a week, and talk about books and pictures and photography, of all of which subjects he had considerable knowledge. In politics he seemed to be a thoroughgoing Liberal, and frequently regretted that his son, Don Carlos number two, who signs himself Duke of Madrid, and pretends to be king both of France and Spain, had been brought up by the Jesuits, and was full of reactionary tendencies." The author goes on to say that his wife, womanlike, was naturally very pleased that he should be illustrious a personage, and as naturally told her maid who the little, dark foreign gentleman was. At all events, coming lor maid, "Anybody been here to-day, Jane?" No. sir," she replied; "only that King's been

home to dinner one evening. Sala asked the par bothering here to-day." It was ten or twelve years afterward that sala, going to Monte Cario for his annual holiday, encountered constantly at the table, or on the terrace, or in the gardens and the concert room, a good-looking gentleman with a full, glossy beard, who seemingly had scarcely reached middle age. At first the two used to converse in French; but Sala, having remarked acidentally one day that he could speak Italian, their parley was thenceforth in the Tuscar ongue. Our author had not the slightest idea who the stranger was, and if he hazarded a cor jecture it was that the Italian might be an operatic singer. Whoever he was, he was addicted o roulette, and one day he made a coup, winning thirty-five five-franc pieces by putting a single piece on a single number. As he laughingly gathered his gains together, he showed Sala one of the coins, saying: "I think that I have seen that face before." It seems that in those days they took and paid out all kinds of money at the Monte Carlo gambling table. Sala looked at the piece which the gentleman with the glossy beard had handed to him. It was a Spanis ollar. On the reverse were the pillars of Hercules and the device, "Plus Ultra," On the obverse was the profile of the comely gentleman with the glossy beard and the inscription, "Amadeo, Rey de España y de las Antillas Only a few months before he had disdainfully refused to rule any more over a people who hated him because he was an estruntern, and who insulted his wife. He had become once more the Itali n Duke of Aosta.

The third example of Spanish royalty, a meeting with whom is recounted in this book, was the young Alphonso XII. Him, soon after his cession, the author accompanied on a railway were excellently qualified to write what I | pedition was a fiasco from the financial point of | journey from Madrid to the north of Spain, In-

a fellow journalist, Antonio Gallenga, were in great distress about the means of making themselves presentable, for their faces and hands were in a condition of deplorable griminess, and in the private car which they were occupying the water was frozen as hard as a stone. "I feel confident," says the author, "that in such a pre-dicament Archibald Forbes would have asked for a basin of hot water from the kitchen of the royal car; but we had not sufficient muscle mind to proffer such a request." He remembered having been once pounced upon after a hard day's work in London by a friend who told him that he was to join then and there a dinner party given by a howling swell. Sala only asked for a few minutes' time to wash his hands. "Oh, bother your hands," exclaimed his friend, who was of an impetuous temperament, "Come along at once," and our author was literally drauged away to the hospitable board. Fortunately, when he took his sent he descried by the side of his plate a crusty loaf of Viennese make. He seized the bread, and, remembering that when Mohammedan pilgrims in the desert are unable to find water they perform their ablutions in sand, Sala slipped his hands under the table cloth and practically washed them with the nice fresh crumbs. In that abode of splendid misery, however, the private car on the railway in northern Spain, there was not a morsel of bread. Suddenly a happy thought struck Sala's companion. "Did you ever try candles?" he asked, "Candles for what?" Sala repeated in amazement. "Why, to wash with," was the reply; and, suiting the action to the words, the other took one of the wax candles from its giit metal socket and proceeded to roll the taper backward and forward over his face and hands. "I followed his example," says our author, and I believe that with the aid of a couple of waxen cylinders we did manage to get off a considerable quantity of our griminess, and even to endue our skin with a slight veneer of wax. At

all events, we did the best we could with the dry polish. Then we entered the royal saloon, where we were graciously received by his Majesty, and partook of a truly royal breakfast. dition of our complexions did not excite the slightest notice, for during the meal everybody was fully occupied with his knife and fork; and directly breakfast was over the saloon was filled with a blue haze emitted from some thirty lighted Havanas and papelitos. But as the temperature gradually grew warmer and warmer 'tears such as tender fathers shed' began to trickle down my face; the thin veneer of wax had melted." During the last dozen years there have been

published a multitude of volumes of autobiographical recollections, more than one of which has been justly characterized as a sturchouse of anecdotal literature and of materials for the history of the times. But no other compilation of personal reminiscences deserves so thoroughly to be thus described as the delightful book here noticed. M. W. H.

A Foolish Book on Turkestan.

We are unable to see any justification for publishing the book, entitled Trans-Caspia, the Sealed Provinces of the Czar, by M. M. Shoe-MAKER (Cincinnati: the Robert Clarke Company). In the first place, the title is a misnomer and can allure only uneducated people. The word "sealed" cannot be applied to any of the Czar's provinces in Central Asia, nor has it been applicable to Bokhara and Samarkand since these famous cities were visited by Vambéry at a time when they were independent of Russian rule. It is some twenty years since the late Eugene Schuyler devoted to Russian Turkestan two volumes which, in spite of some shortcomings, still constitute the best book on the subject accessible in English; two other large volumes by O'Donovan embody the results of an exhaustive study of the Merv Oasis. No man should think of traversing the field which these writers have explored, unless in the first place, he is more thoroughly acquainted than they were with the history, hether remote or recent, of Central Asia, or else confines himself strictly to bringing the history of the region from the point where they left it down to the present day. Mr. Shoemaker seems to possess none of the qualifications needed for either of these purposes. He is not an historical scholar, and he has but a superficial knowledge of the recent literature oncerning Turkestan; neither has he used his oportunities to investigate the commercial, industrial, and social results of Russian administration during the last few years. We are sorry to say it, but he has produced a book which offers no information not obtainable elsewhere in larger quantity and better form; and his pages are disfigured with gross blunders which, had the manuscript been submitted by the publishers to a competent reader, would undoubtedly have been corrected before the book was put in type. It is not pleasant, we repeat, ward in the guise of a traveller or a historian, it is occasionally necessary to perform an act of justice. We shall confine ourselves in this notice to pointing out a few of the author's posttive errors, and shall pass over the multitudinous sins of omission, merely remarking that Mr. Shoemaker is entirely destitute of the requirements needful for a fruitful study of Central Asia, and simply exemplifies, for the

hundredth time. How much a fool who has been sent to Rome Excels a foot who has simply stayed at home.

It is while travelling over the well-known Georgian military road in the Caucasus that the author lets fall a comment which certainly deserves to be described by the familiar phrase. "Important, if true." "As I look from my window on arriving, I am convinced by a lot of camels quietly browsing near by that this is Asia." We are convinced, for our part, that the author must have beheld these camels in a dream, for how could camels, those denizens of the desert, be browsing about the Dariel Pass in the rockiest part of the barren Caucasian Mountains, at an elevation of over seven thousand feet. Other less fortunate travellers, even as lately as the summer of 1894, were unable to find a single camel at large in the Caucasus, save in the extreme south near Mount Ararat, and on the Apaheron Peninsula toward the east. Even before reaching the Caucasus, the author indulges his imagination in a flight, for, passing Moscow in a railway train, he informs us that Ivan the Terrible "sleeps under one of those domes yonder, where daily thousands of his subjects kiss his forehead, a spot of the luchess's dressing room, and found the ladder and everything ready, I knew it was all right.

"Shie's a girl after my own heart," I said to make in the right in the room. "And I'll be after here when it's all over."

It's risky work you know. No matter how can't think I ever had quitesneh an easy job in all my life. "It's risky work you know. No matter how can't then it ever you always have a queer sort of nervousness unless you're drunk, and then of the servants was about; they might have been deafor all the trouble they gave me.

I don't think I ever had quitesneh an easy job in all my life. "This is better than your hard work any day. Honesty may be the best policy, but what do you make and from it what anyour hard work any day. Honesty may be the best policy, but what do you make not fill the trouble they gave me.

I don't think I ever had quitesneh an easy job in all my life. "This is a di to myself of the servants was about; they might have been deafor all the trouble they gave me.

I don't think I ever had quitesneh a author lets fall a comment which certainly de-The only substratum of truth for this story is the fact that the body of Ivan the Terrible lies in the Kremlin, in the Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel. There is no hole in his configured to the Archangel. There is no hole in his configured to the tributal phase horses in Russian churches as well as by the people of Russia. Con page 30 we are confronted with the statement that "the religion of the people of Georgia has changed to Mohammedan, and all Russian churches are moveraged in high, strong, fortress-like walls; of therwise, such jewels as adorn their shrines would prove too tempting to the followers of the prophet." As a matter of fact, the Georgians have never-swerved from the Christian faith, for which, on the contrary, they have battled for over a thousand years against the onslaughts of the followers of Jsiam. The ancient Christian houses of worship are held in the highest venoration throughout Georgia, and no as Russian churches exist within its berders. On page 30 the author speaks of the subjects of the Cau, whether in the Caucasus or in Russia, as having "no future, no past." It would be impossible to indicate more clearly the author's ignorance of the rich historical literature relating to Russian, and especially to Georgia, the annals of which date back some seven centuries before our era. On page 180 Mr. Shoemaker compision that a "post-horse. No one can travel on Russian post roads without a poderochnaya," or special pass, is granted by corrupt Russian official to special favorites. The truth is that every traveller in the Russian empire is provided with just such a paper, or less weare driven to the contrary the produced with just such a paper, or less weare driven to the contrary the author's ignorance of the rich historical illerature relating to Russian and the produced with just such a paper, or less weare driven to the contrary through the produced with just such as paper, or less weare driven to the contrary through the produced with just such a paper, or less weare driven to the contrary through the produced with just such as produced with just such as produced with just such as a produced with just such as a produced wi the Archangel. There is no hole in his coffin, neither does any one kiss his forehead. Having

vited to breakfast in the royal carriage, Sala and | an alleged Russian "custom" of running all around the room and table during a meal. such custom exists in Russia, nor, so far as we know, anywhere else.

On Mery, to which O'Donovan, as we have said, devoted two large octavo volumes, the au-thor of this book bestows a few lines, in which he contrives to inject three errors. It was, he says, "a Christian bishopric in A. D. 200, flaming sword, and Russia wiped it from the face of the earth." The first authentic mention of Christianity in connection with Old Mery carries us back no further than the fifth century, when the city was the seat of a Nestorian Architshopric. There is no evidence that Jenghiz Khan ever saw the city, which was taken by his son. Nor is there a shadow of foundation for the asser-

takes that such historical knowledge as the author possesses has been evidently pleaned from guide books, which are usually edited with conolder block, we incline to the opinion that this book must have been published at the author's expense, for it is incredible that any publisher would have risked a penny on it.

tion that either Old Merv or New Merv has been

wiped by the Russians from the face of the

earth. There is the less excuse for such mis-

HER GRACE AND THE BURGLAR. She Was a Yankee Girl and He It Is that Tells the Story. From the Argonaut.

The best-looking business I was ever mixed up in (he said slowly) was down at Heron Court. near Guilford. I may be a bit old-fashioned in my tastes, but I've always been rather partial to duchesses. (He said this with a relish, as though they were something sold in tins.) And when I saw in "Lloyd's" that the young Duke had gone and married Miss Deborah Clancy, daughter of the well-known rubber merchant of New Haven, Conn., and when I saw that the wedding presents were both numerous and costly, and the harpy pair had left town for the Duke's house near tenifierd amid a shower of rice and old slippers, then I said to myself, I said: "Go in and win, my boy, and play the game off your own bat. Don't have no partners," I says to myself; "don't have no confederates, but jest go in and have a good old try." So I dressed myself up very tastily, and I went down to Milford station.

I had a Gladstene bag with me, and in that bag I had a few necessary articles that no one can do without. I don't care how clever you are, you can't do without their help. And I had a little money with me, too. That's another thing that you want always to have about yon. Many's the little business I've known spoilt just for the want of a sovereign or two.

I was walking out one afternoon, and I was going down a lane pretty close to the grounds of a mansion. In front of me was a nest girl in blue serge, with a bonnet box in her hand. She was one of the slim-waisted sort, and she carried herself very upright. As I passed her I caught sight of the address. It was for the duchess. I lifts my hat like this. Look!

"Pardon me, miss," I says, "but might you be one of the maids of Heron court?"

"Well, 'she says, "I might."

"Oh!" I says, "Pleasant weather we're having, aren't we?"

She said yes it was very pleasant weather indeed. She said (this she said in a particularly affable way) she was afraid we should have wet before night.

"Been here long?" I inquires. of New Haven, Conn., and when I saw that the

affable way) she was a line before night.

"Been here long?" I inquires.

No, she hadn't been there long, she said. Only three weeks.

"Come down with the Duke's party?"

Yes, she came down with the Duke's party.

"Like the place?"

She said she didn't mind it. I asked her a few greater in the people. She said she could questions about the people. She said she was on

She said she didn't mind it. I asked her a few questions about the people. She said she could get on all right with the Duke, and she was on awful good terms with the Dukess; but she wouldn't give a dollar a gross for the servants. For one thing, she didn't believe they kept a proper lookout at the place. While they were wasting their time in snoking and drinking and flirting, a burglar could get in at any moment.

"Oh, well miss," I says," we're none of us perfect, you know. We all have our little obbies." I put on my best smile and made up my mind to have a dash for it. I asked her whether there was any chance of having a look in and a bit of supper in the evening. She looked at me very straight. Then she said a thing that knocked me silly.

me silly.
"Say, mister," she says, "where do I come
in? How much am I going to make out of this
little game?" little game?"
I was so astonished that I blushed. I did really,
"Well," I says, "I you are going to put it
that way, I suppose I'd better speak out straight,
I'll give you 20 quid now, and I'll give you another 20 after it's over."
"Make it 30 sovergions now and 20 ct.

Pil give you "56 quid now, and I'll give you another 20 after it's over."

"Make it 30 sovercigns now and 30 after," she said, "and it's done."

I started to argue, and she turned on her beel, "Here, stiddy on, my dear." I says. "Don't lose your temper. You've got a good-hearted face, You're not going to be hard on a poor chap, are you now? Give me a kiss and I'll give you 25."

She fired up.
"You don't have no kiss, mister." she says, "and if you want me to help you, you must hand over the coin. You ken't do better, anyway."

I tell you she fairly surprised me. I assure you, to look at her, you'd think she was as quies a girl as ever wore shoes. She kept her eyes—bright, blackeyes she had—fixed on my face, and seemed almost to enjoy the corner she got me in. bright, blackeyes she had—fixed on my face, and seemed almost to enjoy the corner she got me in. I turned the matter quickly over in my mind. After all, I knew I needn't really trouble about the second nayment. I should be clear away before she had a chance to see whether I put it there or not.

the second nayment. I should be clear away before she had a chance to see whether I put it there or not.

"All right, miss." I said; "don't 'aggle; and don't bite a feller's 'ead half orf. Here's the thirty pound. What time shall I come up?"

She told me that at half past 8 the Duke would be having dinner, and that she would leave the window of the Duchess's dressing-room open. I might find a ladder in such a place, and, when I got in I should find the jewels in such a place, and I was to leave the £30 for her on a ledge in the chimney. And if any of the other servants caught me, why, so much the worse for them. She shook hands pleasantly and went off toward the court.

I felt inclined to shake hands with myself, too, I knew that there was a good £20,000 worth of stuff for me if I could only get a quiet quarter of an hour there.

You may believe me when I say I was there that evening to the minute. Just as I neared the mansion I had a nasty feeling that the maid might have given me away. You can never be sure of women, But when I saw the window open of the Duchess's dressing room, and found the ladder and everything ready, I knew it was all right,
"She's a girl after my own heart," I said to

everything?"

"Well, not abslootly everything," I whispered; "but as much as I can carry. I'm off."

"Have you put my thirty sovereigns in the chimney?" she asked. Lord, she had a head for business, that girl.

"Reckon I'll take them now," she said, holding

on tex of Arrestons melindrouns for the leaderspe in twenty posts.

incompany the United last Formulars. DOT SALL AND ON BAN HARE to Ob I as stone